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One square, or less, first insertion	\$1.00
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Business localities, ten cents per line.

A Federal Spy.

(Washington Capital.)

I think, West, said Senator Butler, the other day, that the story you tell about that fellow in Richmond who went to take his picture taken in about the best you can get off. Let's have it.

Well, said the humorous little senator from Missouri, we had a man by the name of Peter Wilkes, who was elected to the confederate congress from the Springfield (Mo.) district, and he came down to the seat of government with the air of a Webster for all the world as if the entire responsibility of the cause rested upon his individual shoulders. I knew him at anxiety, and hence was spared the anxiety of being disturbed about his greatness. It was not long before the close of the war, when Garland and I were walking down Grace street, and Peter ran into us. He had a benign smile on his face, and I knew he had been engaged in some agreeable sport. Coming up to us he said: 'Well, I've been down here to a photographer's. Got a card from him the other day, asking me to call and sit for a picture. He wants to get up the whole confederate congress—something historic, eh?—and Peter's wait-band stretched repeatedly at the thought of being thus embalmed for posterity. Tipping a wink to Garland, I said:

What shop do you mean, Peter?

Oh, down there on Main street, giving a certain number. Just the place to go to, Garland, and with alarm posted on my face, said:

Why, Peter, you big ass, where have you been in the last two weeks? Haven't you heard anything about that fellow down there pretending to take historic pictures? He is a spy in the employ of the federal government. We've just about proved it on him and he's come to Richmond to photograph all members for the federal gallery; and when this thing blows up the other side will have all our pictures to and then in the search and prosecution! Fact, Garland, ain't it?

So I've heard, West, he said.

Well, Peter didn't stop just long as it took him to say, 'My God!' and in two minutes he was just out of my sight. That evening he came rushing into my room with, 'Well, you've done me a great favor, and I'll remember it until my dying day.'

Find your man, Peter?

You bet I did. The d-d rascal has that machine of his in the back room, and was oiling me up. I just went up to him with this trusty six-shooter (it was about a yard long) and put it to his ear, and says, 'I'll shoot!' Well, he shelled kinder lively like, and I smashed it in a thousand pieces. No federal gallery in this.

Well, when the surrender came, Peter was under the conviction that the whole Federal government had combined to capture him, and he set out for California on foot. Yes, he's out there yet, waiting for the animosity against him to cool down.

He Wanted Particulars.

Yesterday afternoon a pompous-looking colored man, wearing a veteran's badge over his heart, encountered in front of the City Hall a brother of color wearing a small dog on his coat and trying to look as if he had been in Andersonville for a year and a half.

Stop, sah—stop! commanded the first. Ah, you a veteran, sah?

I specs I ar! was the reply.

You ar in de army, eh?

Yes, sah.

Was you a cook or a wagon driver?

No, sah. I war in de ranks! was the indignant reply. I war right dar at Petersburg!

Waitin' on de hospital?

No, sah!

In de commissary department?

No, sah! I war in de light.

Behind a log?

No, sah!

Did you have a gun?

Yes, sah.

Was it loaded?

Yes, sah!

An' you fired it?

I did sah—of course I did.

Was it pitted at the sky?

No, sah; it was pitted at de enemy.

De be-cause de most?

No, sah!

An' de enemy drapped?

I can't say as to dat, sah.

What you down dar shootin' away?

Uncle Sam's powder, an' lead with out hittin' anybody! Take off dat dog, sah! What business has you to come out among dis 'crowd an' put dat you war? de 'crowd, sah!

Go away, sah! I war some chikens as you dat shot off my beed in dat same battle, just as I had surrounded a 'hul rebel regiment. Sian! bak, sah—down dat to a genuine veteran, sah!—Detroit Free Press.

Where Crockett Fell.

A Chicago man who visited San Antonio, and is on his way back home, was interviewed by a reporter.

"Did you visit the Alamo, where Travis and Crockett fell," asked the reporter.

"Yes; I saw the house," responded the practical Chicago man; "and I was very much disgusted. It is an old, ruinous, disgusting-looking building. I tell you, if Travis and Crockett had fallen at Chicago, we would have provided them with a bang-up four-story residence to fall in with, gas, telephone, burglar alarm and all the latest modern conveniences."

"The reporter asked him if the proposed Chicago house would have a mortgage on it, and the Chicago man went off with a flourish, a Texas sitting."

Two women choose the one that will have you.

The beauty is not so bright as she is painted.

Two in a tirade seldom agree.

Speech is cheap but votes are what sell.

A woman after his own heart is what pleases man.

Money is the principal thing, therefore, get money; and with all the gettings get it well invested.

A soft answer turneth the stomach.

The cool-head goes before destruction, and a banana skin before a fall.

The race is not to the swift, but to the pool skater.

A short-time note soon goes to protect—Boston Transcript.

HOPKINSVILLE BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

1881.

LAWYERS.

BOYD & HENRY, Upper Block, opposite Court House.

CAMPBELL & GAITHER, Main street, opposite Postoffice.

HARRY FERGUSON, Main street, opposite Postoffice.

A. S. PERRY, Upper Block, over Phelps & Son.

J. W. DOWNER, Attorney at Law, office with Phelps & Son.

B. H. & R. H. Main street, over Henderson & Son.

WINFREY & McARDLE, Main street, opposite Postoffice.

LANDER & CLARK, Main street, opposite Postoffice.

JOHN C. BRASHER, Attorney at Law, Main street, opposite Postoffice.

JOHN A. REBER, Main street, over Bush & Latham's shoe store.

DOCTORS.

GEO. N. CAMPBELL, M. D., Office with Dr. R. M. Frazier, Main street.

B. F. EAGER, Main street, over Bush & Latham's shoe store.

L. B. HICKMAN, Hoppers Block, up stairs.

F. H. CLARK, office with Dr. R. W. Galles, Main street.

L. A. ALEXANDER, M. D., over Gray & Black's drug store.

MILLINERS.

MRS. R. I. MARTIN, opposite Phelps Block.

MRS. M. K. BOWMAN, Nashville street, opposite Christian Church.

JEWELERS.

G. H. BRADY, Court St., Campbell & Williams' Block.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

CLARENCE ANDERSON, Hoppers Block, entrance on Union St.

DRUGGISTS.

W. McCLANAHAN & CO., Main street, up stairs.

G. H. & L. ALEXANDER, Main street, Hoppers Block.

DRY GOODS.

G. W. WILKES, Main street, opposite E. H. Hoppers & Son.

M. L. GANT, Main street, next door to E. H. Hoppers & Son's drug store.

GROCERS.

F. F. MENNARD, Phelps Block, corner of Main and Nashville streets.

R. M. ANDERSON, Court street two doors from New Era office.

PAYNE & YOUNG, Nashville street, near the depot.

G. W. SMITH, Russellville St., in rear of City Bank.

S. H. HARRISON, corner Main and Spring streets.

HARDWARE & IMPLEMENTS.

J. H. WISFIRE & CO., Corner Nashville and Virginia streets.

FURNITURE AND COFFIN DEALERS.

A. W. PYLE, up stairs, Hoppers Block.

JO. O. THOMPSON, E. side Main street, up stairs, Campbell & Williams' building.

LIVERY STABLES.

BANKS & HARRIS, Hoppers Block, near Princeton bridge.

T. L. SMITH, corner of Virginia and Spring streets.

DICK CANNON, South corner Russellville and Nashville streets.

HOPKINSVILLE TRANSFER.

JAMES HIGGINS.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

John R. Grace, Judge, Circuit, Ky. B. T. Frazier, Clerk, Hopkinsville, Ky. Court meets first Monday in February and August.

QUARTER COURT.

A. V. Lane, Judge, Meets 2nd Monday in March, June, September, December.

COUNTY COURT.

A. V. Lane, Judge, Meets 1st Monday in March, June, September, December.

CITY COURT.

Joe McCord, Judge; Jas. Brantley, Attorney; M. O. Owsen, City Marshal.

COURT OFFICERS.

John W. Brantley, Clerk; C. M. Brown, Sheriff; A. R. Lane, Jailor.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

MOXON COUNCIL, CHURCH FAIRWAY—Meets Second and Fourth Mondays nights in each month at K. of P. Hall. B. F. Underwood, C. C. B. M. Harrison, Secretary.

MASONIC LODGE—Meets 1st Monday evening in each month, at Masonic Hall. J. I. Landes, W. M. Geo. Street, Secretary.

EVERETT LODGE, No. 38 KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Meets at K. of P. Hall, 2nd and 4th Thursday evenings in each month. R. W. Norwood, C. C. J. W. Cross, K. of R. & S.

Endowment rank, 3rd Monday evening in each month. F. A. C. Myrick, Pres.; J. S. Forey, Sec and Treas.

ODD FELLOWS—Third story, Hopkinsville Bank building, meets every Friday evening. Encampment meets every 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings.

A. O. U. W.—Meets at K. of P. Hall every Monday evening. H. F. McCamy, W. M.

K. of H. Lodge—Meets at K. of P. Hall 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights of each month. M. Lipstone, R. B. Nat. Gaither, Dictator.

KNIGHT TEMPLARS—Meets 4th Monday night in each month, at Masonic Hall.

LIVERY FEED AND SALE STABLE.

On Bridge St., near Princeton bridge, HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

This is a large and commodious livery stable and feed and sale stable.

I would most respectfully inform the public that I am prepared to give special attention to livery, feed and sale of stock. Stable hands supplied with the best provisions the country affords. Horses boarded by the day, week, month or year. We take the horses except on public days.

A City and Train Hack run day and night. Teams with good careful drivers supplied at all times. Everything done at tick, bottom prices. No fooling, give me a call. I can make you beyond imagination of a doubt.

J. M. HOPKINS.